

# COWBOY

10¢

# WESTERN

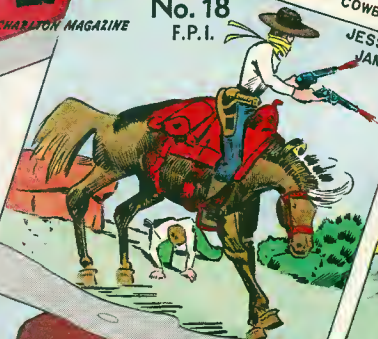
## COMICS

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

No. 18  
F.P.I.

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

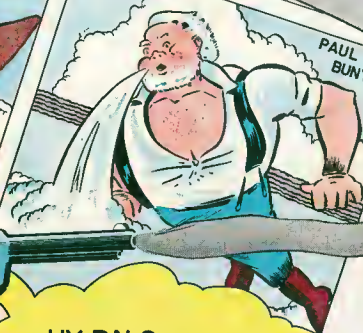
JESSE  
JAMES



ANNIE  
OAKLEY



PAUL  
BUNYAN



HY PALS, WILD BILL  
HICKOK TALKING. HERE'S JUST THREE  
OF THE FAST ACTION STORIES  
IN THIS ISSUE!





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# CALAMITY JANE

QUEEN OF THE OLD WEST.....



CALAMITY TRAVELED WITH CUSTER'S  
COMMANO AS A SCOUT.

CALAMITY JANE, THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS  
WOMAN, WAS BORN TO THE NAME OF MARTHA  
JANE CANARY IN PRINCETOWN, MISSOURI ON  
MAY 1, 1832. CALAMITY LEARNED TO RIDE, SHOOT  
AND HANDLE A BULLWHACKERS  
WHIP AS WELL AS ANY MAN. SHE  
ADOPTED THE GARB OF A MAN  
AND IT WAS HER BOAST THAT SHE  
COULD OUTSHOOT, OUTDRINK AND  
OUTCUSS THE BEST OF THEM.

Young

# JESSE JAMES



EVERYONE KNEW THAT THE JAMES BOYS ENGINEERED THE RUSSELVILLE BANK ROBBERY, AND THAT THEY THEREBY WERE ANNOUNCING THEIR INTENTION TO FOLLOW A LIFE OF CRIME. EVERYONE KNEW IT YES ... BUT NO ONE COULD PROVE IT!

KENTUCKY, 1867...

WHAT, OO YOU RECKON WE OUGHT TO DO NOW, JESSE? THE WAR'S OVER ANO WE'RE THROUGH WITH QUANTRELL'S RAIDERS...WHAT NEXT?

LOOKS LIKE ONLY ONE THING TO OO, FRANK. FOLKS ARE CONVINCED WE'RE OUTLAWS. THEY'RE SAYIN' WE ROBBED THAT BANK IN...

BUT, JESSE, WE... IT DON'T MATTER A HOOT WHETHER WE DID OR NOT, FRANK-WE'RE BRANDED ANYHOW! ANI SAY, LET'S NOT HAVE THE NAME WITHOUT THE GAME! LET'S REALLY BE OUTLAWS!!

AN' I GOT A PLAN TO START WITH, TOO! THE ONLY THING IS, FROM NOW ON WE DO IT SMART! ALWAYS HAVE AN ALIBI BEFORE YOU MAKE A MOVE! YOU GO FIND DL' SHEPHERD ANO THE BOYS! ANO WE'LL REALLY GIVE FOLKS SOMETHIN' TO TALK ABOUT!!



JESSE PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION  
IN THE SPRING OF 1867 IN THE  
SLEEPY LITTLE TOWN OF RUSSELVILLE, KY.

MORNIN' MIZ, CARTER!  
MORNIN',  
JOHN---LOOKS  
LIKE SPRING  
AT LAST, DON'T  
IT?



WELL I'LL BE---

YAAHOO!

OOGGONE! BET IT'S  
A BANK ROBBERY!  
I'M GITT'N OUT O'  
THE WAY!

SCATTER YOU  
TOWN FOLK,  
SCATTER!!



RUN! RUN! IT'S  
A GANG OF BLOOD  
THIRSTY OUTLAWS!

STRAIGHT  
FOR THE  
BANK, BOYS!  
GRAB THE MONEY  
AND GIT!



PULL YORE HEAD  
IN, LADY, ...PRONTO!  
GIT BACK THERE  
MISTER!!

COME ON, FRANK--  
SPEED'S WHAT COUNTS!  
LET'S GIT THE CASH!



DON'T NOBODY  
MOVE!

SS-SURE!  
T-TAKE  
IT!

THAT'S THE WAY  
POP! JUST GIMME  
ALL THE MONEY  
YA GOT AN YA  
WON'T GIT HURT!!



ALRIGHT, BOY'S...  
START MOVIN'!!



HI-AA HHHH!

YIP YIP  
YIP!



AND SO THE RUSSELVILLE  
BANK WAS ROBBED OF  
\*100 000 WITHOUT A  
SINGLE SHOT BEING  
FIRED BY THE SURPRISED  
CITIZENS!!

BUT THE PEOPLE OF RUSSELVILLE WERE ALL THE MORE ANGRY AT THEIR OWN SHOWING IN THE AFFAIR!

IT WAS THE JAMES BOYS, SHERIFF! THEY TOOK US BY SURPRISE!

WE OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF OURSELVES

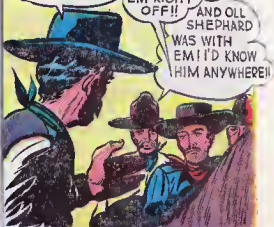
WELL, I FOR ONE AIN'T GONNA TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN! LET'S GIT 'EM!!



ONE AT A TIME, NOW! CERTAIN, YOU SURE IT WAS THE JAMES BOYS?

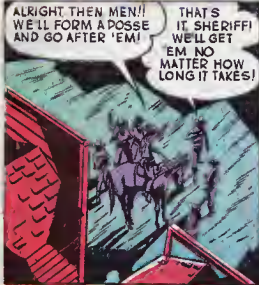
I RECOGNIZED 'EM RIGHT OFF!!

AND OLL SHEPARD WAS WITH 'EM! I'D KNOW HIM ANYWHERE!!



ALRIGHT THEN MEN!! WE'LL FORM A POSSE AND GO AFTER 'EM!

THAT'S IT SHERIFF! WE'LL GET 'EM NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES!



IT DID TAKE SEVERAL DAYS...

WHEW! THEM JAMES BOYS IS HARDER TO FIND THAN A WOUNDED COYOTE

WE AIN'T GIVEN UP YET! LET'S COMB THOSE HILLS UP THERE!



BUT ONE OF THE POSSE FINALLY FOUND OL' SHEPARD'S HIDEOUT.

COME OUT PEACEABLE, SHEPHERD! WE DON'T AIM TO START NOthin' UNLESS YOU DO!!

WHY SHORE, FELLAS--I'LL COME OUT!!

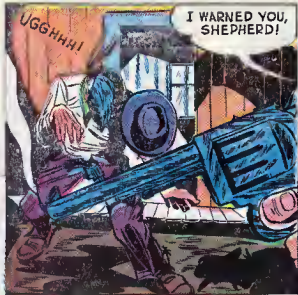


BUT I'M A-COMIN' OUT SHOOTIN'

LET HIM HAVE IT, BOYS!



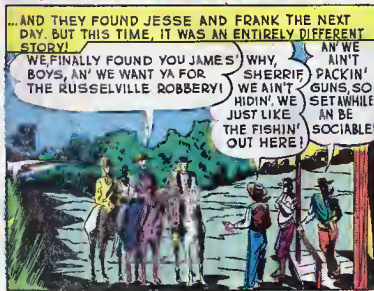




I WARNED YOU, SHEPHERD!



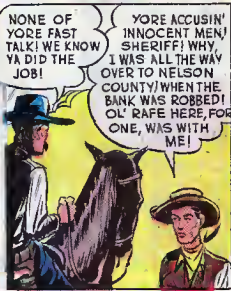
WELL THAT'S ONE VARMIT! NOW TO GIVE THE JAMES BOYS THE SAME DOSE!!



WE, FINALLY FOUND YOU JAMES' BOYS, AN' WE WANT YA FOR THE RUSSELVILLE ROBBERY!

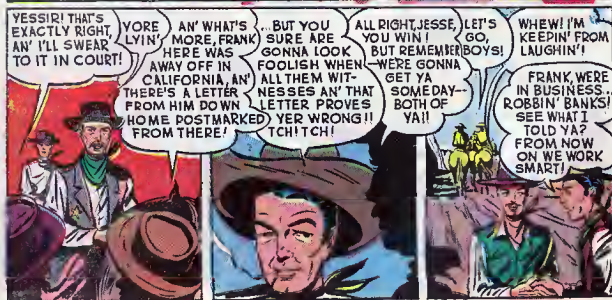
WHY, SHERIFF, WE AIN'T HIDIN'. WE JUST LIKE THE FISHIN' OUT HERE!

AN' WE AIN'T PACKIN' GUNS, SO SETAWHILE AN' BE SOCIABLE!



NONE OF YORE FAST TALK! WE KNOW YA DID THE JOB!

YORE ACCUSIN' INNOCENT MEN! SHERIFF! WHY, I WAS ALL THE WAY OVER TO NELSON COUNTY! WHEN THE BANK WAS ROBBED! OL' RAFF HERE, FOR ONE, WAS WITH ME!



YESSIR! THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT, AN' I'LL SWEAR TO IT IN COURT!

YORE LYIN'

AN' WHAT'S MORE, FRANK HERE WAS AWAY OFF IN CALIFORNIA, AN' THERE'S A LETTER FROM HIM DOWN HOME POSTMARKED FROM THERE!

...BUT YOU SURE ARE GONNA LOOK FOOLISH WHEN ALL THEM WITNESSES AN' THAT LETTER PROVES YER WRONG!! TCH! TCH!

ALL RIGHT, JESSE, YOU WIN! BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE GONNA GET YA SOMEDAY-- BOTH OF YA!!

WHEW! I'M KEEPIN' FROM LAUGHIN'!

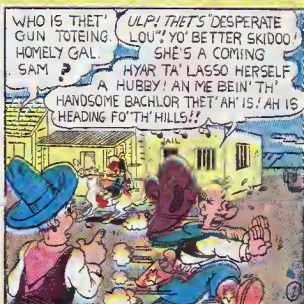
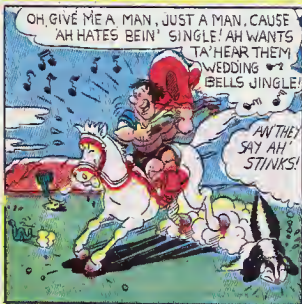
FRANK, WERE IN BUSINESS.. ROBBIN' BANKS! SEE WHAT I TOLD YA? FROM NOW ON WE WORK SMART!

# DENVER MUDD

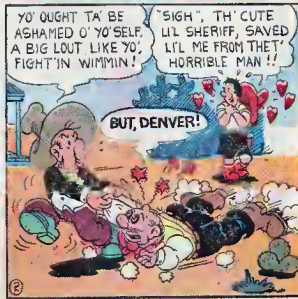
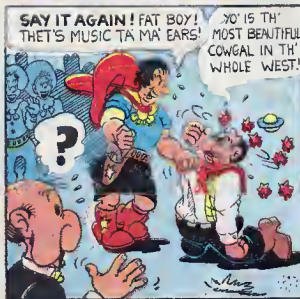
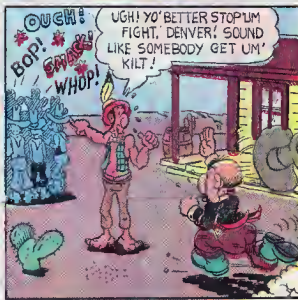
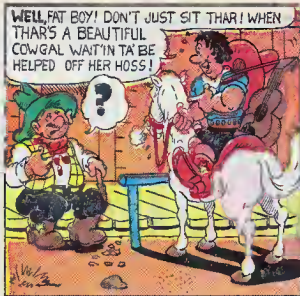
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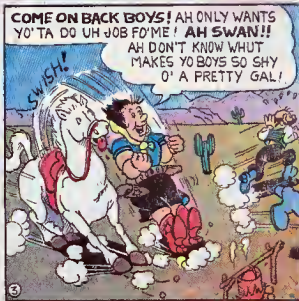
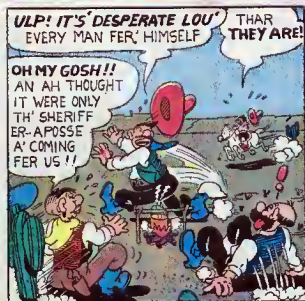
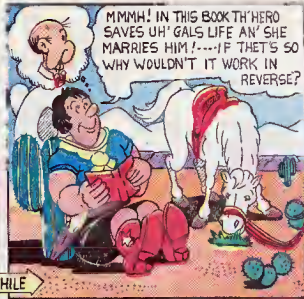
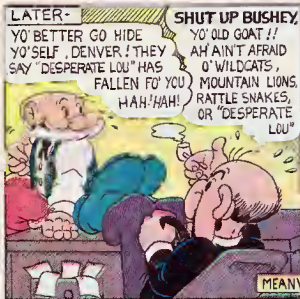
# Bushey Barns

By CLINTON HARMON

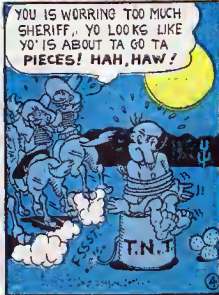
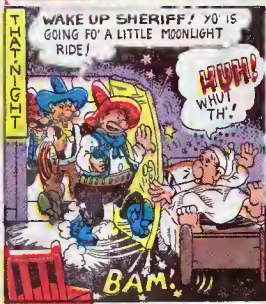
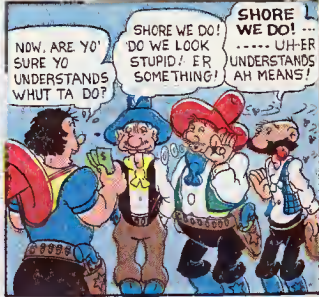


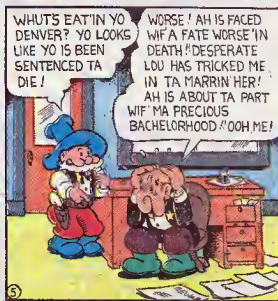
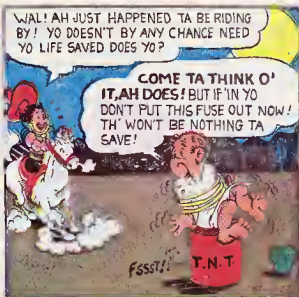














WAL, AFTER YO IS ONCE MARRIED, YO DON'T HAVE TA FEAR ANYMORE ABOUT LOSING YO BACHELORHOOD, NOW TAKE 'SETH POTTERFIELD, A WIFE AN' NOBODY KNOWS HOW MANY YOUNG'IN'S!

THAT'S IT!

**SNAP!**  
**BOA!**



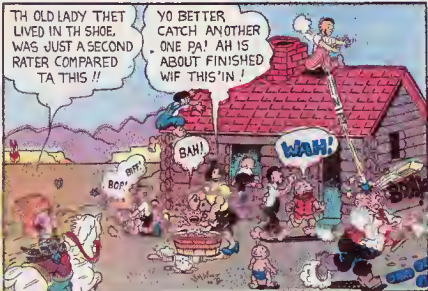
GET A' GOING! HOSS, AH AIN'T LICKED YET!

NOW WHUT 'D AH SAY, TA MAKE HIM ACT LIKE THET??



TH OLD LADY THET LIVED IN TH SHOE, WAS JUST A SECOND RATER COMPARED TA THIS !!

YO BETTER CATCH ANOTHER ONE PA! AH IS ABOUT FINISHED WIF THIS'IN!

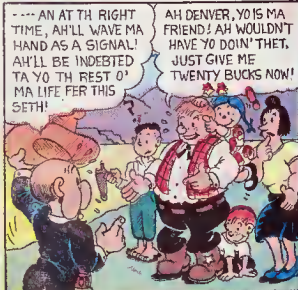


HEY! SETH, YO HAS ALWAYS BEEN MA FRIEND! AH IS IN A JAM! YO GOT TA HELP ME! THIS'S WHUT AH WANTS YO TA DO--- ECT- ECT---



--- AN AT TH RIGHT TIME, AH'LL WAVE MA HAND AS A SIGNAL! AH'LL BE INDEBTED TA YO TH REST O' MA LIFE, FER THIS SETH!

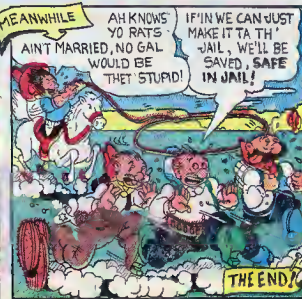
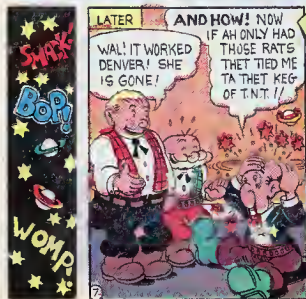
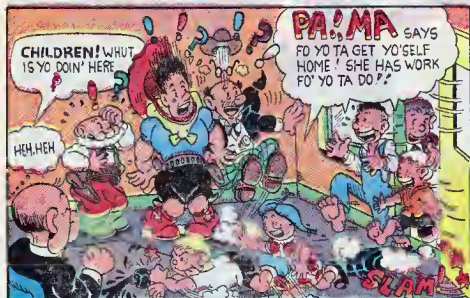
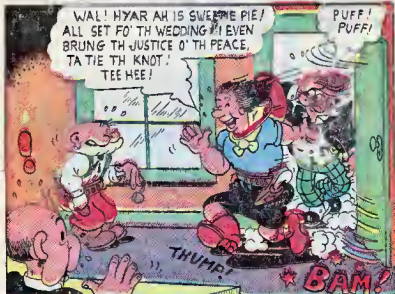
AH DENVER, YO IS MA FRIEND! AH WOULDN'T HAVE YO DOIN' THET. JUST GIVE ME TWENTY BUCKS NOW!



LATER: TIME, TEN O'CLOCK TH ZERO HOUR.

WAL, HYAR SHE COMES DENVER!



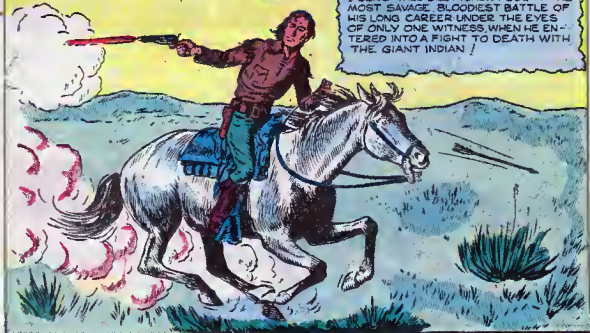




THE ACTION STORY OF

# Wild Bill Hickok

YOUNG WILD BILL HICKOK FOUGHT THE MOST SAVAGE, BLOODIEST BATTLE OF HIS LONG CAREER UNDER THE EYES OF ONLY ONE WITNESS, WHEN HE ENTERED INTO A FIGHT TO DEATH WITH THE GIANT INDIAN!



IT ALL STARTED ONE NIGHT DURING THE CIVIL WAR...

BILL, THIS INDIAN SAYS THERE'S A WAR PARTY OF CHOCTAWS ACROSS THE RIVER. HE OFFERS TO TAKE MY BEST SCOUT, MEANING YOU, TO HAVE A LOOK AT 'EM!

RIGHT NICE OF 'IM, GENERAL... BUT WHY IS HE SO INTERESTED?

ME NO LIKE YANKEES! ME HELP GREY-COATS!

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, I'LL TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT, BUT IT MIGHT BE WORTH LOOKING INTO!

WAL...YORE RIGHT, GENERAL... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT!

BUT I DECKON I'LL GO ALONG. GUESS I CAN HANDLE ANY SHENANIGANS THIS'N MIGHT BE TRYIN'.

GOOD! LEAVE ANYTIME YOU PLEASE!



AND SO, LATE NEXT DAY...

CHOCATAW  
CAMP NOT FAR  
THAT WAY!

MMM! BETTER  
GIT DOWN  
AND WAIT FER  
DARK TO LOOK  
AROUND...

I STILL DON'T KNOW  
WHY YER STICKIN'  
YORE NOSE INTA THIS!  
DON'T TRUST--

WHAT TH---  
WHOA THERE!

YI YI YI!!



THE DIRTY RED DEVIL!  
A TRAP! WAL, NO TIME TO  
WORRY NOW! GOTTA MAKE  
TRACKS!!

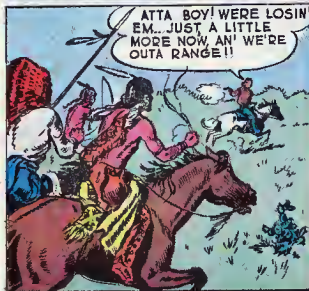


GIT MOVIN' HOSS!  
RUN LIKE YA NEVER  
DONE BEFORE!!

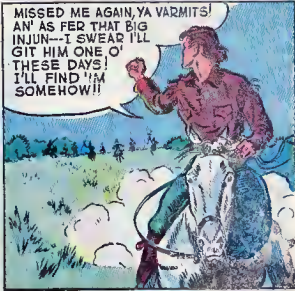
YI YI YI  
YAAHOOOO



ATTA BOY! WERE LOSIN'  
EM... JUST A LITTLE  
MORE NOW, AN' WE'RE  
OUTA RANGE!!



MISSED ME AGAIN, YA VARMIT!  
AN' AS FER THAT BIG  
INJUN--I SWEAR I'LL  
GIT HIM ONE, O'  
THESE DAYS!  
I'LL FIND 'IM  
SOMEHOW!!





TRUE TO HIS WORD, WILD BILL SEARCHED FOR THE BIG INDIAN. BILL HAD MANY TRUSTED INDIAN FRIENDS. FINALLY, ONE DAY...



MY FRIEND, I HEAR STORY OF YOU AND BIG TRAITOR. I HELP YOU. YOU TRUST GREY FEATHER?

SHORE I TRUST YA GREY FEATHER!! WHY?



I TELL YOU! TOMORROW, WHEN SUN RISE, BIG INDIAN COME WEST TRAIL!!

HE DOES, HEY! GREY FEATHER YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND! YOU COME WITH ME TOMORROW AND SHOW ME THE PLACE!!

WE'LL GIVE THAT BIG FELLER THE LAST SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!!



AND EARLY NEXT MORNING, BILL WAS WAITING ON THE TRAIL....

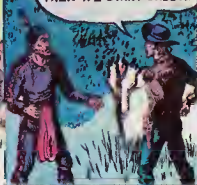
HE COME NOW!



GOOD! KEEP THAT RIFLE HANDY. HE'S TRICKY!

YOU! WHAT---WHAT YOU WANT?

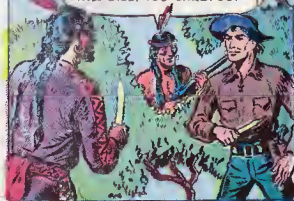
YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT! I'LL GIVE YA ONE O' MY GUNS, AN' THEN WE START SHOOTIN'



NO GOOD! YOU DEAD SHOT! ME FIGHT WITH THIS!!

BOWIE KNIVES? GOOD ENOUGH FER ME...LET'S GIT AT IT!

HIM GREAT KNIFE FIGHTER, WILD BILL! YOU CAREFUL!



DON'T WORRY, GREY FEATHER! I'M GONNA CUT THE BIG PIG'S LIVER OUT!!





NOW...I GOT YA...YA  
SNEAKIN' COYOTE!

I KILL! I KILL  
QUICK!

NOTE! ACCORDING TO THE ONLY WITNESS, OLD  
GREY FEATHER, BILL AND THE GIANT INDIAN  
WERE LOCKED IN THAT FIRST STRAINING  
ATTEMPT FOR ALMOST HALF-HOUR!!



WAL IF I CAN'T MOVE YA THIS  
WAY, MEBBE I--CAN DO IT...  
WITH MY FOOT!

HUH!



FIRST BLOOD FER ME,  
REDSKIN!

U GHHHH



KILL! I KILL WHITE  
FOOL!

OWWW!  
GOT ME! DURN  
YER HIDE!



NOW! I FINISH YOU  
NOW!! I KIL--!?

NOT NOW,  
NOR ANY  
OTHER TIME!  
PARDNER!!



THIS TIME YER GITTIN'  
WHAT YER DESERVE!

AAAAIEEEEE



DOGGONE, GREY FEATHER, YOU  
HE WAS A TOUGH  
ONE!

GREAT  
FIGHTER,  
WILD BILL!  
SOMEDAY ALL PEOPLE  
KNOW YOUR  
NAME!

OLD GREY FEATHER'S PROPHECY  
CAME TRUE. NOT MANY YEARS  
LATER, WILD BILL BECAME KNOWN  
AS THE MOST DANGEROUS FIGHTER  
THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN!!



# HOTEL HOLDUP

**T**HE THREE men hovered about the shadows of the hotel lobby's darkest corner. Since they'd come into the hotel, almost an hour previous to this time, not once had they gone far enough away from the dusky retreat than necessary to see the entrance of the building. It was inevitable that they should attract the attention of the manager and clerk of the hotel, namely, George Hobson.

He'd noticed them soon after they'd come in. Instead of coming to the desk and registering, as most guests, they'd entered, surveyed the lobby casually, as if strolling through an art gallery, then made toward the dimly lit corner. Now they still remained there, growing more ominous by the moment as one would venture forth, glance at the entrance, then saunter back and report to the tallest, darkest member of the trio. Mr. Hobson decided they were up to no good, and as long as they remained he would keep one of his bespectacled eyes on them. It became clear to them that they were being watched when the tall, dark, sneaky-looking leader's eyes met George's. He stared for long seconds, then, when George dropped his eyes, approached the desk.

"Say, buddy," he said, "do you mind if we wait in the lobby here for a while? We're waiting — waiting for a friend," he finished too hastily.

"Not at all. Just make yourselves comfortable," George answered him obligingly.

**A**FTER that he pretended not to notice them quite so much. They were waiting for someone, but George Hobson wondered if the friend would regard himself as such. Once, a piece of the conversation the three were carrying on drifted his way:

"I tell ya, that's the truth. He's supposed to—" The rest faded into nothingness, but he caught a scrap of the next words, spoken in a more violent tone.

"Spats, you'd better be sure, or at least lucky if he doesn't show up," and the tall boy made a threatening gesture at the smaller man. He must have told him to take another look at the door, because the smaller member walked a short way toward the center of the lobby, then

back to his cohorts, shaking his head negatively. Then they sat in the big, comfortable chairs placed conveniently about the lobby, and for a time became almost forgotten as they remained quiet and obscure, not even making the usual promenades to the center of the room to get a clear view of the front door. Business was picking up now, and George had enough work to do without trying to keep a steady watch on the trio. Perhaps he'd never have noticed the man they were waiting for if he hadn't heard one of the three utter an exclamation of surprise a short time later. The three were whispering among themselves in the corner, and it was certain the newcomer hadn't seen them as yet. George was sure that something wrong was about to happen, so he appeared more disinterested than ever, but every action was seen by his keen eyes. "Twenty-twenty with the glasses," George would tell you. Those eyes were eagerly peering sideward at the man as they left the gray of the corner to approach the man they'd been waiting for.

**W**HEN he looked up and noticed them for the first time, the tall, dark man right before him, the man with the valise grew very pale.

"I—I—what do you want?" he angrily asked.

"All we want is you, brother," Darkie answered.

He was very close to the man, and when he leaned close and whispered something into his ear, the elderly man nodded, picked up the satchel, then preceded the three to the corner.

"We don't want to have to take the bag along," the tall man was saying.

**G**EORGE wondered what kind of transaction was being made, and decided it was their business if they wanted to be so secretive, but was jolted to a sudden new interest when he noticed how close the trio was to the new arrival, and the fact that the leader of the three had his hand in his pocket holding the coat he had on at a sharp angle at that point. He didn't think he'd been seeing too many movies lately, and nothing ever happened in his

hotel, but this time—this time he had to be sure. There were no customers at the desk, so George left, went through a doorway at the rear of his cubicle, and into the interior of the ground floor. He went to the room adjoining the corner where the three men were holding the fourth member of the party. There was a door leading from that room, and it was right at the corner where the men were. George put his eye to the keyhole and was able to see them. They were there all right. The conversation was easy to catch now.

"C'mon, Williams, you can help remove the bills from the bag and put them in their pockets. When I've got the whole amount, you can have the bag, anyway."

It was the dark man speaking to the elderly man, who, George had learned now, was Williams. The name was oddly familiar. Williams began to say something, but at a prompting of the leader's hand, still in the pocket, he helped obediently.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**UDDENLY George decided he could do a lot. He raced back into the room, remembering the gun in the desk drawer. He laid an anxious hand on it, a gleam in his already bright eyes, but remembered to go back to a phone before using the weapon. It took but a moment to call the operator and notify her that it was an emergency and the police were to be sent to the hotel. Then George went back to the door near the men.

He knew the door would be locked, and any noise would alert them, but it could be done if it were done quickly enough. The tall man's back was toward George, and the money had been almost entirely transferred to the men's pockets. Williams was stalling as much as possible.

"Hurry it up!" the tall thief snapped. "It's nice to know such an obliging secretary as you have, Williams," he said to the victim. Then he added: "She told Shorty you were meeting a man here today for a big business deal, and that you'd probably carry a few grand along. We just beat him to it, hey boys?" He addressed his men at the last, and they smiled crookedly. Then the last bill was put into the pockets of the men, and the gangster laughed:

"No sense of making too much noise, and I don't see that nosy clerk around, so you'll get off easy, Williams." With the words he raised his arm and withdrew his hand from his pocket, holding a revolver as George had thought, then in a sudden downward sweep hit the elderly man on the forehead. Williams sank to the

floor silently, and George knew it was time for him to make his play.

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**E had turned the key in the lock silently, and now he opened the door with a lightning-like movement, came face to face with the leader of the criminals, and thrust the gun he had into the leader's ribs. The man had half turned, and the surprise with which he was taken made it easy. George put an arm around the front of the gangster's waist and prodded him with his weapon.

"Okay, drop the gun you've got!" he almost shouted, doing it to keep his courage up and to impress them.

The tall man dropped his gun and George grabbed it. With the newly acquired revolver he motioned to the other men:

"Get over against that wall there."

The two went over to the wall and stood with their backs against it. Their faces showed their stunned surprise at the sudden turn of events. George stayed behind the gangster whom they followed, using him as a shield in the event they should try to make a break. But they were not willing to try it.

In the corner where they had almost gotten away with their robbery, Williams was regaining consciousness. He was helped to his feet by the roomers of the hotel. By now the occupants of the hotel who had come into the lobby had all formed about the scene. One of the men took charge and was keeping them back, leaving no one too near or between George and his captives. They were docile enough, and when, a moment later the police entered the lobby, an audible sigh of relief passed through the small gathering.

"That's a good job of policework," the officer who questioned George about it told him.

"And I have a lot to thank you for," Mr. Williams was saying. "I'd like you to accept a small reward. I insist on it," he said, brushing aside George's refusal. "If I hadn't told my secretary all and decided to meet a business associate here, for convenience, this would not have happened."

"We'd like to talk to your secretary, too," the policeman interrupted, then added: "You've given us the gun you got from the prisoner, Mr. Hobson, but it's a good thing you had one of your own to make it possible."

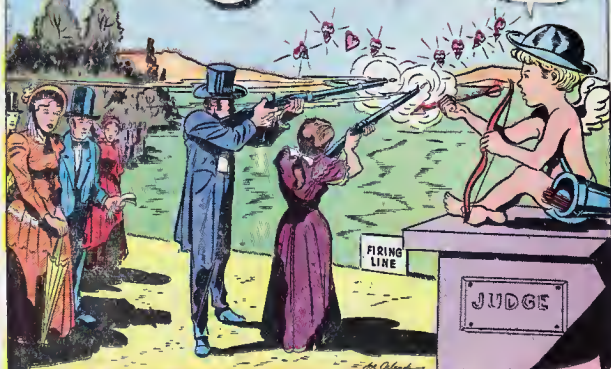
"Oh, this," George laughed, then turned to a boy who had joined the throng and said: "Here, son. It's a good thing I remembered seeing your water pistol lying near the office."

**THE END**



# Annie Oakley

ANNIE OAKLEY  
WINS THE MATCH  
BY SHATTERING  
ALL HEARTS



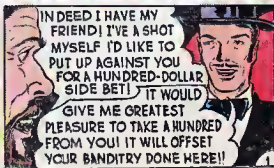
ANNIE OAKLEY WAS THE SHARPEST RIFLE SHOT IN ALL THE COUNTY, AND WHEN SHE TOOK ON THE WORLD-FAMOUS FRANK BUTLER, SHE MORE THAN HELD HER OWN...UNTIL...CUPID TOOK A HAND AT REFEREEING AN ENTIRELY NEW KIND OF MATCH FOR ANNIE!!

WELL, WELL! FRANK BUTLER! WHAT EVIL WIND BLOWS YOU INTO THE FAIR CITY OF CINCINNATI?

WHAT OTHER REASON THAN THAT I FIND YOUR CITIZENS EASY MARKS AGAINST MY SKILL AND DEXTERITY!

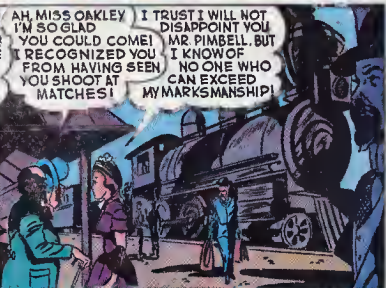
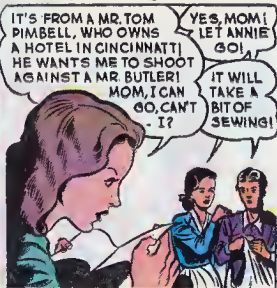
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO REGISTER THAT FLEA-BITTEN, MONGRELL

NATURALLY, HE'S MY "AND COMPANY." DOES ANYONE WANT TO SIDE BET IN BETWEEN PERFORMANCES?

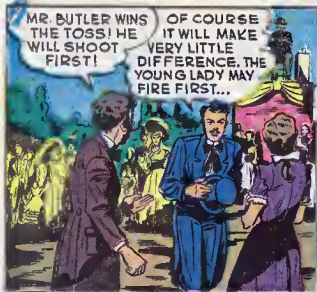


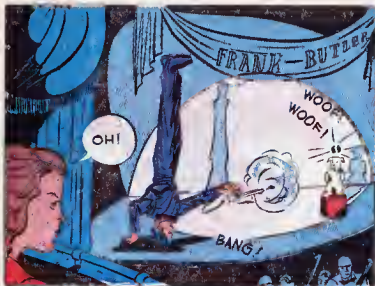
IN DEED I HAVE MY FRIEND! I'VE A SHOT MYSELF I'D LIKE TO PUT UP AGAINST YOU FOR A HUNDRED-DOLLAR SIDE BET! IT WOULD GIVE ME GREATEST PLEASURE TO TAKE A HUNDRED FROM YOU! IT WILL OFFSET YOUR BANDITRY DONE HERE!!

FRANK BUTLER & CO.

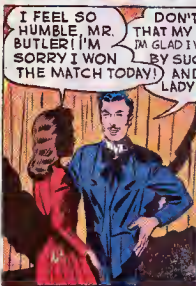








WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL!! I MUST SEE MR BUTLER AND APOLOGIZE!



I FEEL SO HUMBLE, MR. BUTLER! I'M SORRY I WON THE MATCH TODAY!



DON'T SAY THAT MY DEAR! I'M GLAD I WAS BEATEN BY SUCH A BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL LADY!

AND, PLEASE CALL ME FRANK!

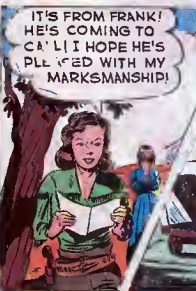
IF YOU WILL CALL ME ANNIE, I SHALL!



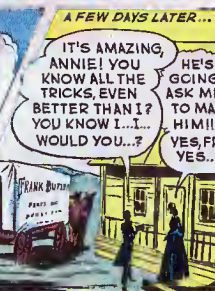
DURING THE FOLLOWING MONTHS ANNIE PRACTICED CONTINUALLY

RIGHT THROUGH THE CENTER, ANNIE!

ANNIE, ANNIE! ANOTHER LETTER BY POST FOR YOU!



IT'S FROM FRANK! HE'S COMING TO CA'L! I HOPE HE'S PLEAS'D WITH MY MARKSMANSHIP!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

IT'S AMAZING, ANNIE! YOU KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, EVEN BETTER THAN I? YOU KNOW I...I... WOULD YOU...?

HE'S GOING TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM!! YES, FRANK! YES...



THAT'S GRAND! OH, ER I... GUESS I MUST BE A SORT OF MIND READER!

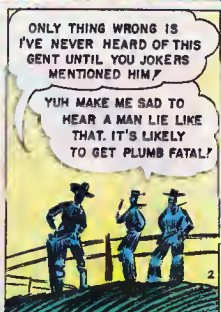
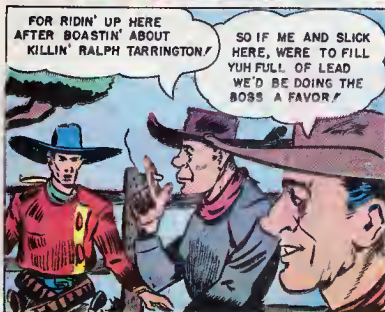
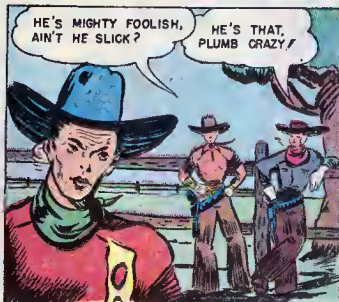
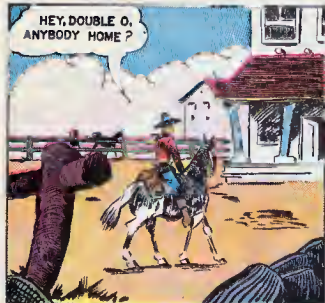
DID YOU KNOW I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU TO MAKEUP AN ACT WITH ME?

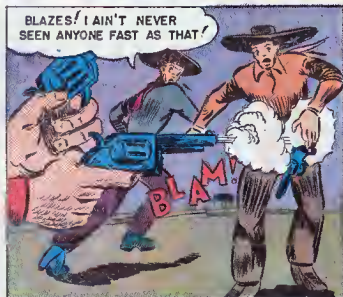
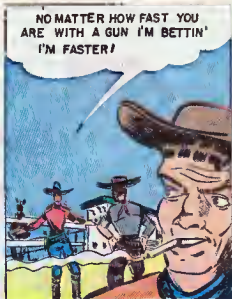
# THE TALLY BOOK OF DUSTY ROADS

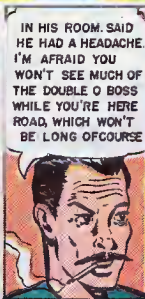


DUSTY ROADS WAS  
ON WHAT HE ASSUMED  
TO BE A FRIENDLY  
VISIT, BUT HE WAS  
GREETED WITH A VERY  
UNEXPECTED WELCOME!











WHO IS  
HE LISA?

HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A  
FRIEND OF RALPH'S, BUT FOR  
THE PAST WEEK JEFF BAKER  
AND HIS TWO GUNMEN HAVE  
BEEN PRACTICALLY HOLDING  
US PRISONERS ON OUR OWN  
RANCH.

SINCE YOU ARRIVED DUSTY,  
I'M AFRAID RALPH HAS BEEN  
LOCKED IN HIS ROOM. EVER  
SINCE A MONTH AGO WHEN  
THEY CAME BACK FROM A NIGHT  
RIDE, RALPH HAS ACTED LIKE  
HE'S AFRAID OF JEFF BAKER.

SUDDENLY DUSTY WHIRLS  
ABOUT AND SHOOTS!

IT'S FARGO! HE TRIED  
TO GET ME FROM BEHIND!

I  
FEEL  
SICK!

MESSE YDU HAD BETTER  
GD LIE DOWN!

ND, I WANT TD  
TALK TO YOU.  
I'LL SHDW  
YDU THE  
REST OF  
THE  
RANCH!

ANYTHING HAPPEN THE NIGHT  
YOUR BROTHER WENT RIDIN' WITH BAKER?

YES, THE OVERLAND  
STAGE WAS HELD UP AND  
TEN THOUSAND  
DOLLARS WAS  
TAKEN!

JEFF AND RALPH HID  
SOMETHING ON THE RANCH  
WHEN THEY CAME BACK.  
COULD IT HAVE BEEN THE  
MONEY?

MIGHT BE. GOT  
ANY IDEAS  
WHERE TO  
LDDK?

THE BARN! LET'S  
LOOK THERE!

DON'T HURRY  
OR THEY'LL  
SUSPECT SOMETHING!



IN THE BARN!

THIS IS THE STAGE BAG LISA,  
BAKER AND YOUR BROTHER  
MUST HAVE ROBBED THE  
STAGE THAT NIGHT!



THAT'S WHY  
RALPH HAS BEEN  
AFRAID. I'M SURE  
JEFF FORCED HIM!

WE'LL LEAVE THE MDNEY  
HERE WHERE WE FUND IT.  
IT'LL BE BETTER IF BAKER  
DDEN'T KNOW WE FUND  
OUT!



FIND ANYTHING  
INTERESTIN'  
FRIENDS?

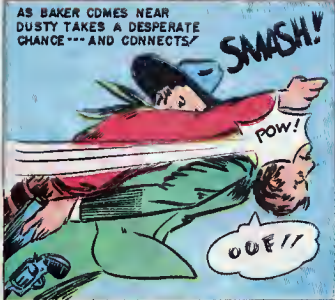
TO BAD YOU  
FOUND DUT SD  
MUCH, NDW I'LL  
HAVE TD GET RID  
DF YOU BDTH!



YOU WON'T GET  
AWAY WITH IT BAKER!



AS BAKER CDMES NEAR  
DUSTY TAKES A DESPERATE  
CHANCE---AND CONNECTS!



SMASH!

POW!

OOE!!

ONCE MDRE DUSTY CONNECTS!!








# LEGENDS OF

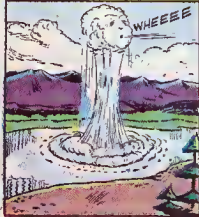
# PAUL BUNYAN



AW, COME ON, GRANDPA,  
TELL ME ANOTHER  
STORY ABOUT  
PAUL BUNYAN!

WAL, I'LL TELL YE  
ABOUT OL' PAUL  
AN' THE WHISTLIN'  
RIVER. IT WERE  
A MOST PECULIAR  
AN' BODACIOUS AN'  
CANTANKEROUS  
RIVER....

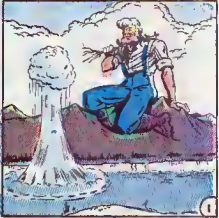
IT HAD A HABIT OF RISIN'  
UP AT FIVE OF A MORNIN'  
AN' TEN PAST SIX OF AN  
EVENIN' AN' GIVIN' OUT AN  
ALMIGHTY LOUD WHISTLE!



FOLKS IN THEM PARTS SET  
THEIR CLOCKS BY THAT  
WHISTLIN' RIVER. THEN,  
AFTER WHISTLIN' SHE'D  
BLOW OUT A TARNATION  
FLOOD O' WATER!



WAL ONE MORNIN' OL' PAUL WAS  
SITTIN' ON A MOUNTAIN, JEST  
A-COMBIN' HIS BEARD WITH A  
JACKPINE WHEN UP ROSE  
THAT CONSNARN RIVER....



AN SQUIRTS HIGH ONTO A LAKE FULL O' WATER ...

WHOOOOO

TCH, TCH! DURN FOOL RIVER!  
THAT AINT NO WAY TO PLAY!

SHORE ENOUGH!  
FOOOOFF  
WAL, MY PATIENCE IS  
PLUMB WORE OUT!

YA SEE, PAUL WERE A GOOD NATURED SOUL ...  
BUT THAT GOL DURNED RIVER WARNY SATISFIED.

DOGGONE! YA GONNA  
TRY IT AGAIN?

NOW, THIS TIME, THE RIVER  
FLUNG UP OVER PAUL TWELVE  
DOZEN TURTLES, TWO DOZEN  
FISH, AN' TWO TONS O' MUD, NOT  
TO MENTION A THOUSAND  
GALLONS O' WATER ...

AN' THIS JEST  
RILED OL'  
PAUL ALL UP!

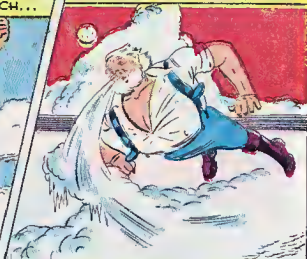
I GOTTA GIVE THIS A GOOD THINK!  
NOW, 'FORE YA KIN FIX A RIVER, YA  
GOTTA STRAIGHTEN IT OUT! NOW, ME  
AN' 'BABE KIN EASY DO THAT BUT... WE GOTTA HAVE  
SOMETHIN' TO TIE A ROPE TO... HMMM.. LEMME SEE!



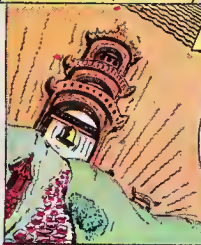
SO, FORE YA KNOW IT, PAUL MAKES A MIGHTY  
LEAP OFF'N TH' GROUND AN UP HE GOES ABOVE  
TH' CLOUDS TO BREATHE SOME AIR, WHICH...



AS YE KNOW, IS COLDER'N  
ARY ICE KIN BE...



AN' THEN, DOWN HE COMES, KER BOOM!...  
THEY SAY FOLKS IN CHINA THOUGHT IT  
WAS AN EARTHQUAKE!...



AN HE BLOWED THAT  
FRIGID AIR DIRECT ON  
THE WHISTLIN' RIVER AN  
FROZE HER SOLID!



HEEEY  
BABE!



COME ON BABE, WE  
GOT WORK TO DO!



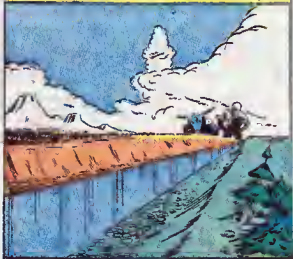
OU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM TWO  
STRAIGHTNIN OUT TH KINKS IN THAT OL RIVER!



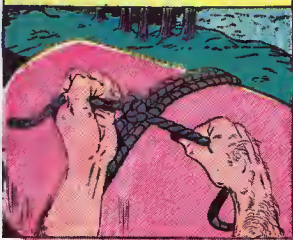
READY, BABE  
HEAVE HO!



IN NO TIME AT ALL THAT OL' WHISTLIN' RIVER  
WAS STRAIGHTEN A INJUN'S ARROW!



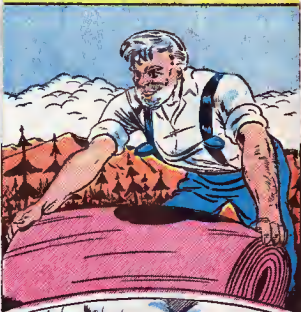
AN' TIED HER NEAT AS A ROLL  
O' CARPET, AN' THAT WAS THE END  
O' THE WHISTLIN' RIVER!



SOME FOLKS SAY THAT WHEN OL' PAUL WENT  
LOGGIN' GIANT CACTUS IN THE DESERT HE  
MELTED HER DOWN AGIN' TO FLOAT OUT HIS  
TIMBER... BUT, OTHER FOLKS SAY....



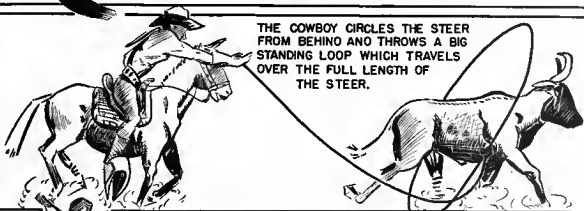
THEN, SOON'S IT THAWED JEST ENOUGH,  
OL' PAUL ROLLED HER UP....



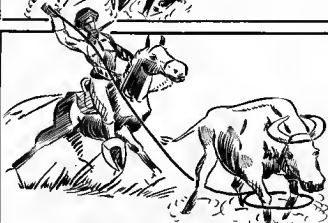
THAT WHEN THE GOOD GENTLE RAIN  
FALLS ON THE BIG WOODS, IT'S REALLY  
OL' PAUL ASHAKIN' OUT TH WHISTLIN'  
RIVER! AN I BELIEVE ....LISTEN  
LAD... THAT MAY BE OL' PAUL, NOW!

# ROPING A STEER

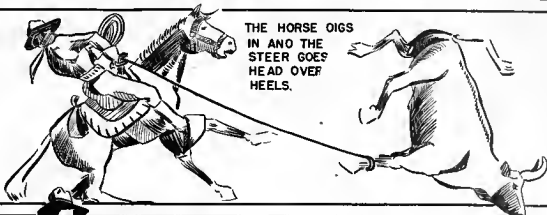
THE COWBOY CIRCLES THE STEER FROM BEHIND AND THROWS A BIG STANDING LOOP WHICH TRAVELS OVER THE FULL LENGTH OF THE STEER.



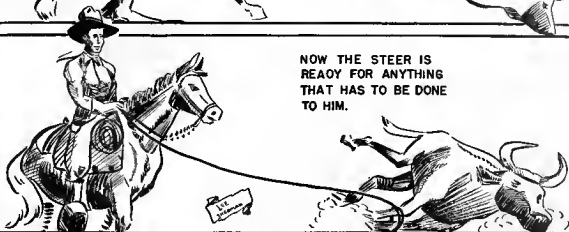
AS THE LOWER PART OF THE LOOP HITS THE BACK OF THE STEER'S FRONT LEGS, THE COWBOY QUICKLY PULLS THE LOOP CLOSED TIGHT.



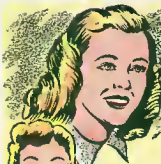
THE HORSE DIGS IN AND THE STEER GOES HEAD OVER HEELS.



NOW THE STEER IS READY FOR ANYTHING THAT HAS TO BE DONE TO HIM.



# GIRLS! IT'S THE WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY TRIX WALLET



HOLDS  
YOUR  
GLAMOUR  
TOOLS

HOLDS  
YOUR  
MONEY,  
PLUS!

IT'S GENUINE LEATHER AND  
IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

only  
**\$1.98**  
plus  
fed. tax

Such a smart looking wallet . . . so stream lined . . . you'll hardly believe it holds so much and costs so little—only \$1.98! But it's all true! Tuck your real-leather BEAUTY TRIX into your pocket or clip on your belt—a snap will hold it tight. Then you're all set! Your precious valuables all safe! Your beauty all tip top! No wonder smart girls are crazy about BEAUTY TRIX. You'll love it!



FASTENS SMARTLY  
ON YOUR BELT!  
for CAREFREE,  
CASUAL COMFORT



## DOES EVERYTHING USEFUL

A simulated gold chain holds your keys, a sleek rayon-lined compartment holds folding money and an "accordion-pleated" outside change purse holds your silver—lots of it! Snap-buttoned for safe, easy opening. And LOOK! See snug frame pocket for identity card. See 4 transparent celluloid windows to hold 8 more cards! Or 8 "snaps" of your honey! Or what you like!

## DOES MOST EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL

So different from old timey wallets, new BEAUTY TRIX knows you're a modern glamour girl! Has mirror, comb and nail file, an elastic holder for your lipstick . . . fits any size, holds it tight! Feel easy and look lovely with BEAUTY TRIX. A thrilling buy!

## LOOKS HANDSOME, TOO

Friends will think it costs twice as much! Of really genuine leather—amazing at this price—and so well made, well finished. IN STUNNING COLORS:—GERANIUM RED, FOREST GREEN, BROWN, BLACK.

**INSPECT IT  
10 DAYS  
FREE!**

Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage and fed. tax. Or, TO SAVE POSTAGE, enclose \$2.18 now with coupon. If you're not thrilled—if friends aren't impressed—just return BEAUTY TRIX in 10 days and get money back. Mail coupon NOW! ONLY \$1.98 plus fed. tax.

SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. 207, 5 Beekman St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send me your new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET in color checked: ☐ GERANIUM RED

☐ FOREST GREEN ☐ BROWN ☐ BLACK

☐ On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.

☐ I enclosed \$2.18. You pay postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, Zone, State \_\_\_\_\_

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If not delighted by new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET I'll return in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.



# COWBOY WESTERN

18

SEPT. 1948

COVER - SHERMAN? NOTE: "HY" For "Hi" on cover

lfc. CALAMITY JANE LEE SHERMAN\* 1

YOUNG JESSE JAMES JOE ORLANDO\* 4

DENVER MUD & BUSHEY BARNES CURT HARMON\* 7

WILD BILL HICKOK ALLISON 4

HOTEL HOLDUP TEXT 2

ANNIE OAKLEY JOE ORLANDO\* 4

THE TALL TALK OF DUSTY ROADS LEE SHERMAN\* 7

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN HARMON\* 4

ROPING A STEER LEE SHERMAN\* 1